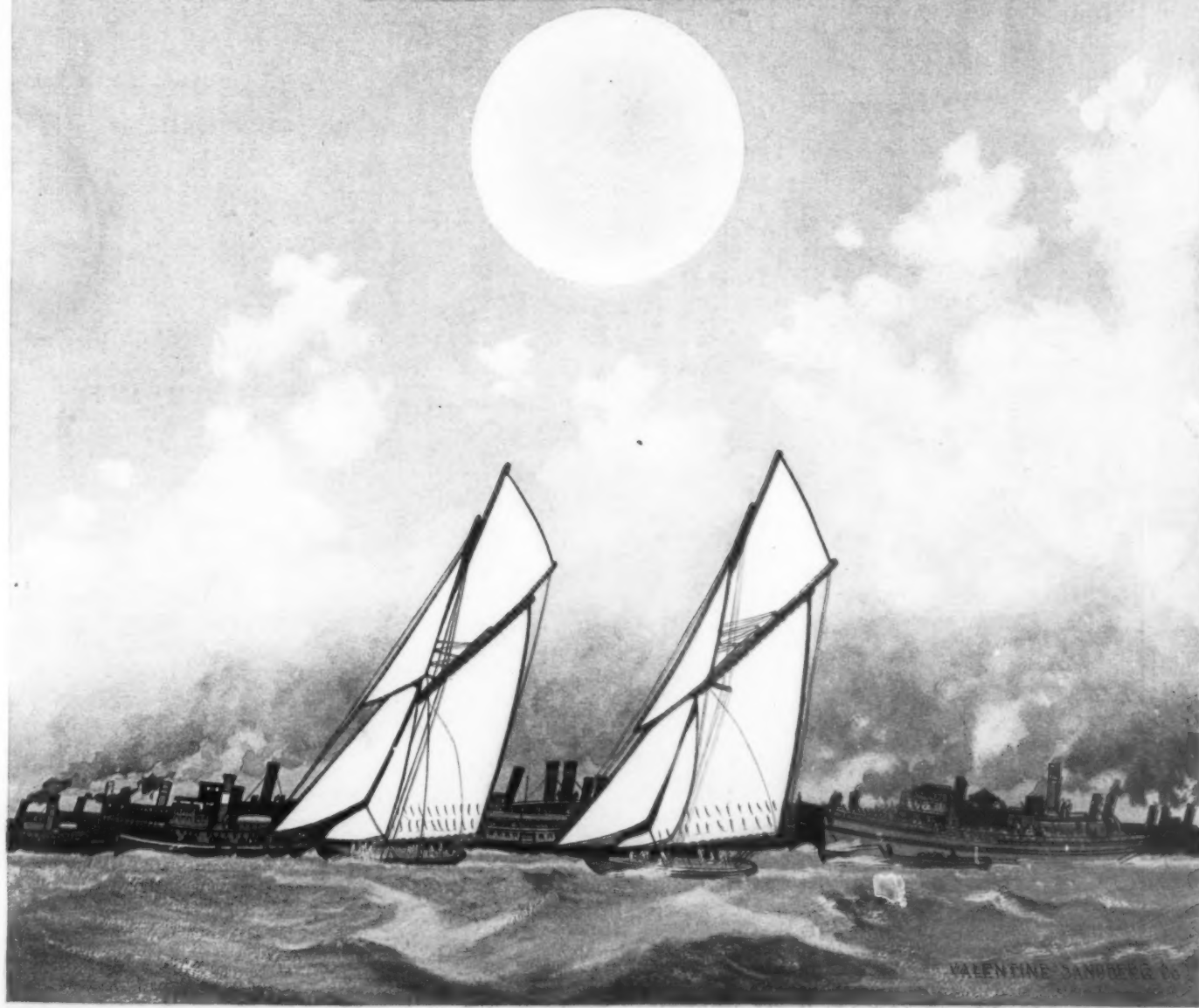


LIFE

THE MIDDLETOWN CLUB.
NOT TO BE MUTILATED,
OR TAKEN FROM THE BUILDING.



THE GEORGE N. PIERCE COMPANY, MEMBERS OF THE A. L. A. M., BUFFALO, NEW YORK

JOHN To himself
room,
his, 'W
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What Is a True Sportsman?

A TRUE sportsman plays a game as his recreation. It is, consequently, absurd for him ever to be anxious or ill-tempered. He has the instinctive love of movement, to which is added the pleasure derived from the exercise of skill, whether it be already acquired or in the process of being acquired. Winning or losing is to him rather an amusing detail than a serious consideration. He does all he can to win, because that is part of the game; but the fact that some one else has a better eye, or has had more practice, or is more favored by fortune, does not annoy him. He plays the game for his health and pleasure, and therefore he does not care whether any one is watching his prowess, nor does he need a band of "rooters" to urge him to exert himself or to worry his opponents. To the true sportsman such a spectacle as that of a team crying because they have lost, or of a man told off to "worry the pitcher," or of a man being "induced" or bribed to amuse himself; of a player depending upon artificial stimulus from spectators, or of any serious quarrel or anxiety over a pastime, is simply unintelligible. That such anomalies exist in sport is due, primarily, to the professional. The professional, though he may be a good fellow and a good sportsman at heart, cannot possibly be a true sportsman, or he would never accept money for amusing himself.—*Francis H. Tabor, President of the Boys' Club of New York, in Leslie's Weekly.*

The Majesty of the Family

EVERY one who has lived South knows that peculiar brand of loyalty among old servants that expresses itself in a profound conviction that their family is the "fust family." Consequently, every Southern town and city is still full of "fust families."

This particular "fust family" was making its annual pilgrimage to the White Sulphur Springs, the great coach laden with children and trunks as well as the mistress, with her nearest and dearest relatives.

Old Simon, mindful of the glory of his house, and filled with the all-powerful dignity of an old retainer, drove the fat coach horses and admonished his small charges, who, wedged in beside him on the box, crowded him to desperation.

His master rode on horseback a little distance behind the coach, and, as they approached a railroad crossing, was astonished to see Simon drive calmly before a passing train, which hurled the coach one way, horses another, and family and trunks in all directions. Galloping up, he called to his coachman:

"Simon, you old nigger, didn't you see that train coming?"

"Yassuh."

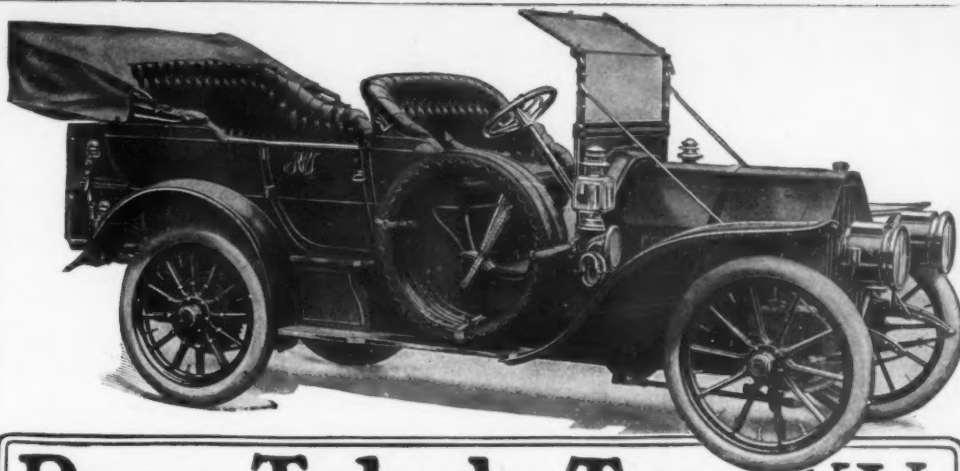
"You saw it coming, and deliberately drove upon the track? What made you do such a crazy thing?"

"Well, you see, Marse George," explained that bewildered individual, scratching his gray wool, "Ah thought when dey see it's we-all's ka'idge, dey'd stop."—*Saturday Evening Post.*

They Are Scarce

JOHN SHARP WILLIAMS once ran afoul of Tom Reed. This is the way he tells the story himself: "I met Mr. Reed coming out of the cloak-room, and he said to me, in that peculiar drawl of his, 'Williams, whatever makes you such a bitter partisan?' 'Well, Mr. Speaker, that's pretty good, coming from you, isn't it?' I replied. 'Never mind me,' he replied. 'But why are you such a bitter partisan?'"

"Well, I'll tell you," I said. "You know I never saw a Republican until I was thirty-eight years old, and I can't get used to them, somehow." He looked at me reproachfully and walked away without another word."—*Kansas City Star.*



Pope Toledo Type XV Chrome Nickel Steel Ball Bearing Car

☛ Pope-Toledo Type XV is the culmination of thirty years' mechanical manufacturing experience, and its success is the result of an unvarying determination to excel. ☛ The men behind this industry began over thirty years ago with limited capital and unlimited faith, which has expanded into an enormous organization employing over 10,000 men operating six great factories and representing an outlay of over twenty-two million dollars capital. ☛ We know without question that Type XV contains the world's best in design, alloyed steels, ball bearings, workmanship and finish; and we sincerely believe it is the peer of any car built in America and equal to any built in the world. ☛ *Catalogue on request.*

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Perhaps you're an artist, or an engrosser, a book-keeper, a student, or just an ordinary letter writer—there's a

SPENCERIAN STEEL PEN

for you. Points are delicately adjusted and smoothly ground. A sample card of 12 different patterns sent for 6 cents postage.

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DON'T BE INSULTED

That's what the dealer does who, when you ask for a particular article, offers you a substitute. He may claim it is cheaper and better but—just ask him why—if you have time; otherwise, why not

GET WHAT YOU ASK FOR

FORD

It's significant that while other cars go a begging for buyers—cut prices, divide commissions, and trade in old cars to make a sale—the demand for Ford Sixes as well as Runabouts increases by leaps and bounds.

Henry Ford has always erred on the side of low prices. Ford cars have always been worth more than the maker asked for them.

That's only one of many respects in which Fords differ from other makes—while others deteriorate Fords increase in value.

"If it's a Ford, it's ahead—a year ahead"



Model "R." 4 cyl., 15 H. P.

Write for catalog and address of your nearest Ford agent or branch

Ford Motor Company
263 PIQUETTE AVENUE, DETROIT, MICH.

**DO YOU LIKE TO
BE SIDE-TRACKED**

by a dealer when you have made up your mind that you want an article advertised in LIFE?

If the dealer offers you a substitute—"just as good and cheaper," will you not serve your own interest and the interest of all honest manufacturers by saying, "No, thank you,

I WANT WHAT I ASKED FOR"

Love Sonnet of a Chorus Girl

HE WANTS me to give up my stage career
And go to school somewhere a year or two,
And learn to cut out slang, and parley voo!
Ain't he the limit? Nix for me! No beer,
No bubbly water—daily prayers!—I fear
I'll have to give him up and say skiddoo;
It can't be that he really loves me true,
Or else he'd take me as he found me here.

If I'd go 'way till people all forgot
I'd never be an artiste, when he came
To take me out and marry me there's not
A paper that would hardly print my name—
Unless he took me fresh from off the stage
My picture wouldn't be on no front page!

—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Killers

IT HAPPENED that once a man ran past Socrates armed with an ax. He was in pursuit of another who was running from him at full speed.

"Stop him! Stop him!" he cried.
Plato's master did not move.

"What!" cried the man with the ax; "couldst thou not have barred his way? He is an assassin!"

"An assassin? What meanest thou?"
"Play not the idiot! An assassin is a man who kills."

"A butcher, then?"
"Old fool! A man who kills another man!"

"To be sure! A soldier!"

"Dolt! A man who kills another man in times of peace."

"I see—the executioner."
"Thou ass! A man who kills another in his home."

"Exactly—a physician."

Upon which the man with the ax fled—and is running still.—La Terre.

Hotel Champlain, the observatory of fashionable summer life, on Lake Champlain the Magnificent. Golf and all land and water sports. Through Pullmans via Delaware & Hudson. Stop-over privilege at Saratoga Springs, Lake George, etc.

A Repentant Look

A YOUNG man was sitting in a barber-shop looking at a magazine when an old farmer, with little knowledge or appreciation of literary people, stepped up behind his chair and looked over his shoulder.

"Who's them?" he inquired, pointing to a group of portraits.

"Well-known authors and playwrights," was the reply.

"Humph!" ejaculated the farmer, contemptuously. "Jist writin' fellers, eh?" Then he caught sight of George Ade's long, solemn face, and his eyes lighted up. "That's the one I like," he said, with decision, putting his finger on Mr. Ade's mournful countenance.

"Oh, yes; nearly every one likes George Ade," agreed the young man. "His humorous writings are"

"Don't know nothin' 'bout his writin', but I like his face."

"Why so?"—curiously.

"'Cause he's the only feller thet looks like he was sorry for what he'd done."—Lippincott's.

A Solemn Companion

AFTER meeting Tennyson for the first time an Englishman asked the poet's friend, Jonas Spedding, if his temperament was as melancholy as his countenance indicated.

"Well," Spedding began, thoughtfully, "I fancy when he is alone Tennyson finds himself in very grave company."—Youth's Companion.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER
"Its purity has made it famous."

THE PLEASURES OF MOTORING

A smooth-running engine is more satisfaction than smooth roads. Mobiloil—the perfect automobile lubricant—is the only oil that makes smooth, easy running absolutely certain. There is a grade of

VACUUM MOBILOIL

especially prepared for every engine. The Mobiloil booklet lists every make of automobile and tells what grade of Mobiloil to use. It's free. Mobiloil sold by dealers everywhere—in barrels and cans of varying capacities.

MANUFACTURED BY
VACUUM OIL CO.
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Sealed Bonnet Contest

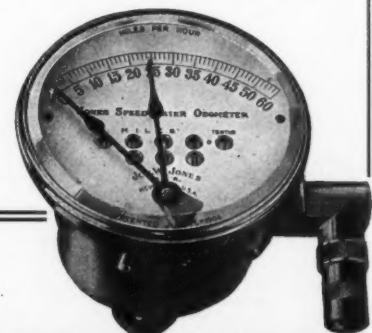
The practicability of the modern motor was recently clearly demonstrated when 42 out of 47 entrants in the four-day A. A. A. Sealed Bonnet Contest finished with a perfect score.

When you consider that the "bonnet" or case covering the working mechanism of the **JONES SPEEDOMETER** is always sealed, and when you take into consideration the fact that this instrument is "punished" equally as much as the engine of your motor car; and it is made to operate day and night, from week to week, month to month, year to year, and finish these continual sealed bonnet contests, whether 1 mile or 10,000 miles, without "limping," and with a perfect score, you must realize why the **JONES** is accepted as

THE STANDARD OF THE WORLD

Write for Bulletin No. 34

Jones Speedometer Co., 76th St. & B'way, N. Y.



CALOX

The OXYGEN Tooth Powder

Cleanse the teeth, keeps them white, prevents decay, relieves sensitiveness, purifies the breath, prevents formation of tartar, keeps the mouth in a healthful condition. Druggists 25 cents. Sample and booklet on request. Serial No. 155. **McKESSON & ROBBINS**, 91-97 Fulton Street, New York

Legal Advice

"IT'S this way," explained the client. "The fence runs between Brown's place and mine. He claims that I encroach on his land, and I insist that he is trespassing on mine. Now, what would you do, if you were in my place?"

"If I were in your place," replied the lawyer, "I'd go over and give Brown a cigar, take a drink with him, and settle the controversy in ten minutes. But, as things stand, I advise you sue him by all means. Let no arrogant, domineering, insolent pirate like Brown trample on your sacred rights. Assert your manhood and courage. I need the money."—*London Tit-Bits.*

Good Seed

THE woes of the amateur gardener are very amusing to others, but decidedly real to the man who has spoiled a suit of clothes, blistered his hands and lost his temper in his effort to make things grow.

A young man, recently married, early in the spring secured a suburban place, mainly with the idea of "fresh, home-grown vegetables." Every evening he would hurry through his supper and rush out to his garden, where he displayed more energy than skill. But, alas! When many little green things began to break the ground in his neighbors' gardens, his own remained as bare as the Sahara.

"It certainly has got me beat," he confided to a friend at his office one day. "I can't understand why not a blessed thing has come up. I planted peas and corn and tomatoes."

"Perhaps the seed were defective," the friend suggested.

"I hardly think it was that," the gardener replied, "for I got the very best—paid fifteen cents a can for them."—*Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

BILNER SAUERBRUNNEN. Natural, acidulous, alkaline water from Bilin, Bohemia, for stomach affections, uric acid, diabetes. Free booklet. *Luytjes Brothers, Agents, N. Y.*

Age of Discretion

SENATOR DILLINGHAM, discussing immigration in New York, made use of the phrase, "the age of discretion."

"What is the 'age of discretion,' Senator?" asked one of his auditors.

"I should say," returned Senator Dillingham, smiling, "that the age of discretion is reached when a young man removes from his mantel the rich collection of actresses' and dancing girls' photographs, and substitutes the portrait of his rich bachelor uncle."—*Washington Star.*

Her Lookout

A YOUNG wife of Bristol said to her husband one night: "My dear, there is a gentleman in the parlor. He wants to speak to you."

"Who is it? Do you know?" the husband asked.

"Dear," said the wife, "you must forgive me, but that cough has bothered you so much of late, and though spring is coming on it still clings to you, and, oh! if you knew how worried I've been about you!" And she threw her arms around his neck. "What would I do if I were to lose you?" she moaned.

"Come, come," said the young man, patting her shoulder tenderly, "men don't die of a slight cold. So you've called in the doctor, eh? Well, I'll see him gladly if it will make you feel easier. Which one is it? Squills?"

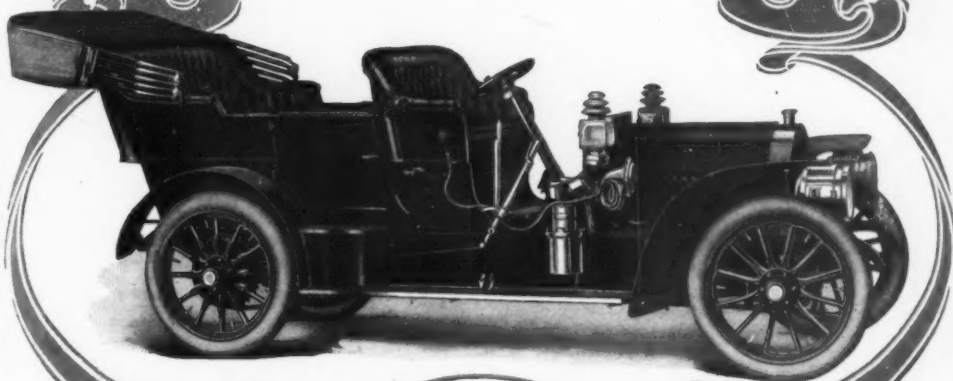
"It isn't the doctor, dear," was the answer; "it's the life insurance agent."—*Sphere.*

"WHY are you opposed to the Chinese?" asked a visitor to San Francisco. "Because they have no patriotism," was the response. "Ever hear of a Chinaman striking?"—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

In a pinch, use Allen's Foot-Ease.

Locomobile

The Most Reliable American Car



TYPE I 40 H.P.
OUR PRINCIPAL
MODEL FOR 1908
PRICE \$4750
TOP EXTRA

THE Type I Locomobile is a beautiful and powerful 7-passenger Touring Car. In size and general appearance it resembles our Type H 1907 model, but is propelled by a motor of largely increased horsepower and is fitted with 36-inch wheels and tires and with new style radiator of high efficiency and exceedingly attractive appearance. The wheel base is longer and there are numerous other changes and refinements.

Other models from \$2,900 up. Our principal closed car for 1908 will be of the Limousine type, most attractive and convenient, \$4,200.

1908 pocket size Catalogue ready. Mailed on application.

The *Locomobile* Company of America, Bridgeport, Conn.

NEW YORK: Broadway and 76th St.
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Member Association of Licensed
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MOTOR: 4-cylinder, water cooled.
CYLINDERS: 5-in. bore, 6-in. stroke.
IGNITION: Make-and-break, iridium contacts.
MAGNETO: Low tension type.
TRANSMISSION: Selective System. (Used on all 1908 Locomobiles.)
TRANSMISSION BEARINGS: Hess-Bright.
SPEEDS: 4 forward and reverse.
WHEEL BASE: 123 inches.
WHEELS: 36 inches in diameter.
WHEEL BEARINGS: Hess-Bright.
TIRES: 36 x 4 front; 36 x 4 1/2 rear.
SEATING CAPACITY: 7 adults.
GASOLINE CAPACITY: 23 gals.
OIL CAPACITY: 22 pints in all.
PRICE: \$4,750, including all lamps, tool kit, tool bag, tire irons, jack, pump, storm aprons, foot rest, horn. Top extra.



GENUINE GUYOT
SUSPENDERS
Webbing
Inimitable
Buttonholes
Indestructible
look for the name
"GUYOT" on every pair

OVER 2,000,000 PAIRS
To be had in every shop
60¢ per pair

ADVERTISERS PAY GOOD MONEY FOR SPACE IN "LIFE"

They do this to convince you of the value of their goods. They could not afford this expense if their goods were not what they claim.

If you want or need any of their goods you will not be deceived by substitutes or imitations if you

GET WHAT YOU ASK FOR

TRUFFAULT-HARTFORD

SHOCK ABSORBERS
AGAIN VICTORIOUS

IN THE GLIDDEN TROPHY CONTEST

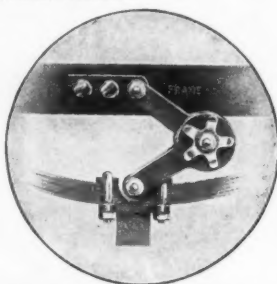
The Automobile Club of Buffalo wins the trophy. Its five entries were:

GEO. S. SALZMAN.	60	Thomas, with Truffault-Hartfords
MONT. HALLOWELL.	60	Thomas, " " "
F. S. DEY.	60	Pierce, " " "
A. KUMPF.	40	Pierce, " " "
GUS G. BUSE.	24	Packard, with another make

All of the Buffalo Club's entries had perfect scores excepting Mr. Buse, whose car suffered a broken spring. Remember it did not have Truffault-Hartfords

Chairman Hower's Official Car (60 Pierce) had Truffault-Hartfords. Geo. M. Davis's Press Car (60 Thomas) had Truffault-Hartfords. Maxwell Confetti Car, that led the way, had Truffault-Hartfords.

Indispensable
for Safety
Speed and
Comfort



Applied at
our Garage
212-214 West
88th Street
New York

HARTFORD SUSPENSION COMPANY

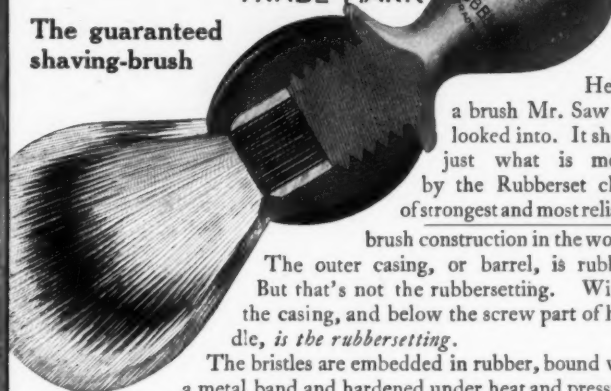
E. V. HARTFORD, Pres.

67 Vestry Street, NEW YORK

"RUBBERSET"

TRADE MARK

The guaranteed
shaving-brush



Here's
a brush Mr. Saw has
looked into. It shows
just what is meant
by the Rubberset claim
of strongest and most reliable
brush construction in the world.

The outer casing, or barrel, is rubber.
But that's not the rubbersetting. Within
the casing, and below the screw part of handle,
is the rubbersetting.

The bristles are embedded in rubber, bound with
a metal band and hardened under heat and pressure.

The result is a vulcanized head, impossible to shed bristles and
unaffected by water or soap.

Every Rubberset Shaving-brush is guaranteed

not to shed bristles, crack or fall apart. No other brush is made
the same way and no other brush can live up to such a guarantee.

Rubberset Shaving-brushes cost no more than the ordinary sort.
Look for "Rubberset" stamped on the handle.

Write for booklet showing many styles and sizes for 25 cents up to \$6.
Sold by leading dealers or sent by us on receipt of price.

The Rubberset Brush Co.,

58 Ferry Street, Newark, N. J.

J. & F. MARTELL

Cognac

(Founded 1715)



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Automobiles



A BREWSTER BROUGHAM

All styles of bodies ready for mounting. Cars complete with
the best makes of chassis in stock and ready for delivery.
All engine and body repairs done in minimum time and by
highest grade workmen only.

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Broadway and 47th Street, New York

LIFE



SOMETIMES ABSENCE MAKES THE HEART GROW FONDER—OF SOME ONE ELSE

A Court Room Scene

CLERK: People vs. McFarrelli.

COURT: What's the charge—I forgot?

CLERK: Murder.

DISTRICT-ATTORNEY: If it please your Honor, the Court Physiologist informs me that defendant is knock-kneed and that the constant striking of one knee against the other has produced a state of sporadic irritation that renders him at times completely irresponsible. It seems that when he shot Jones—

COURT (*briskly*): Discharged. Next case.

CLERK: People vs. Annie Sweet smile. (*Aside to Court*) One of the Pink Pyjama girls, you know.

COURT (*same*): Oh, stabbed Cora Van Reveller—pretty?

CLERK: Um—um!

DISTRICT-ATTORNEY: If it please your Honor, the Court Optician reports that the nightly occupation of the defendant right in front of the footlights has produced a case of eyestrain, which in turn has induced a serious case of nervous dyspepsia with accompanying attacks of acute melancholy, and that during these attacks defendant's responsibility is so impaired as to be a wholly negligible quantity for legal purposes.

COURT (*smiling*): I think under such circumstances the duty

of the Court is clear—Miss Sweet smile is at liberty to leave, with the Court's recommendation that she place herself immediately in the care of a duly qualified medical expert, lest the unfortunate accident of some weeks ago be repeated. Next case.

CLERK: The calendar—perhaps the District-Attorney?

DISTRICT-ATTORNEY: If it please your Honor, I would suggest that the Court take an adjournment for the rest of the month and that the jurors be discharged. The Court Psychologist has been at work now for three weeks on the case of Fergus Lalligan Phool—you know, that mysterious affair on Fifth Avenue—it is a most troublesome case. The man seems sound from scalp to soles, and yet the Court Psychologist is staking his scientific honor on the theory that there must be a hitch somewhere—it is clear to him that no man fully responsible would ever think of doing what the defendant did, and he is now trying to find expert opinions in support of his contention.

COURT: Is he following any particular line?

DISTRICT-ATTORNEY: Certainly, your Honor. He has found in the works of a writer now dead—one George St. Bernard Shaw, or St. Simon Shaw, or some name like that—a clear and definite statement that the writer in question held himself irresponsible on the ground that his was a clear case of abnormal normality.

COURT: Oh, if that is the case—well, let's adjourn. Gentlemen of the jury, you stand relieved from further duties. I thank you.

ATTENDANT: Oyes, Oyes—





"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. L. AUGUST 15, 1907 No. 1294

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J. A. Mitchell, Pres't. A. Miller, Sec'y and Treas.

17 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.



THIS is what happened, as we understand it, in North Carolina:

The Legislature passed a law reducing railroad fares within the State to two and a quarter cents a mile. The Southern Railway went to Judge Pritchard, a United States judge of the Fourth Circuit, with a complaint that the reduction was not fair; that it amounted to a confiscation of their property, and that for various reasons it was a violation of rights assured to them by the Constitution of the United States. It asked for an injunction restraining the State authorities of North Carolina from enforcing the new law until the United States courts should have passed upon it.

Judge Pritchard heard the railroad's argument, and on the facts and considerations presented granted the injunction and forbade the enforcement of the law until the courts had approved. In so doing he followed precedent, and acted with entire regularity. And in what he did he acted for the Government of the United States, and had, presumably, the whole power of that Government behind him.

But Governor Glenn, of North Carolina, refused to obey the injunction of the United States Court—or, indeed, of any court—but went right on and enforced the law his State had enacted, arrested the servants of the Southern Railway who did not obey the law, and finally arrested the president of the road. In short, Governor Glenn refused to obey the lawful commands of the Federal Government.

That was nullification; the same offense for which General Andrew Jackson once laid the adjoining State of South Carolina across the knees of Government and

spanked her. But this time the Federal Government saw its authority defied, and saw fit to do nothing.

The arrest of subordinate officers of the railroad—ticket sellers and the like—began to demoralize the service, and, as the best practicable way out of it, the railroad, having no army of its own, made a bargain with Governor Glenn, by the terms of which it agreed to obey the State law, and accept the reduced fare, until the United States courts should say whether or not the law was constitutional. So there the matter now lies. The railroad will lose a cent a mile, or so, on every passenger until the court makes its decision, which will not be until late in the fall. Governor Glenn is applauded for beating the Federal Government and the railroad, and is strengthened thereby in his candidacy for the Senatorship, and North Carolina talks about him as a proper man to be President.

And now, what is the next State going to do? The same question is coming up all over the country. Virginia must settle it next, then Minnesota and a score of other States. Happily it is not a sectional matter, and there is no great fighting issue, like slavery, behind it. But it is on the Constitution of the United States and the courts that uphold and interpret it, that property—especially corporate property—chiefly relies just now for protection. We are not prepared to say that President Roosevelt did wrong not to send troops into North Carolina to support Judge Pritchard's injunction. We believe the whole question of State laws versus Federal authority in railroad regulation can be worked out without military intervention. But the Federal judges, when they act within their authority, must be backed up. This North Carolina case is instructive. The President kept his hands off, and an agreement was reached, but it was only reached by the railroad's abandoning some of its constitutional rights. The peace was kept, but it was kept at the cost of the Constitution and of legality and justice.

We hope to see no more such cases. It is of the greatest importance that the States should do all that belongs to them to do; should use their powers, help themselves in every case where self-help is possible, and avoid imposing on the National Government any labor which they can perform for themselves. But it is

equally important that they shall not exceed their constitutional powers. The same constitution that is their defence is also their limitation. Defiance of lawful orders of the United States courts is a worse blow to States rights than it is to Federal authority, for without Federal authority, defined and enforced, there can be no States rights, but instead of them an empire.

Therefore, in the next case that comes up that is like the North Carolina case, we look for an intimation from Washington that the lawful orders of a Federal judge will be supported, and that it will not be wise for any Governor to try to outdo Governor Glenn's exploit of nullification.



OUR neighbor the *World* has been saying that, after all, Secretary Taft would be likely to make a very good President. He would indeed; a first-rate one; and we shall be lucky if we get him, or any one so good.

We shall be fortunate if we get for our next President a man whose mind has had a sound and thorough training in the law. Secretary Taft's mind has had that training, and it was an uncommonly good mind to start with, and geared to a particularly robust body and to a sound, hearty and beneficent spirit. So far as the presidential qualifications go it will be hard to beat Taft.



FOUR men out of five hereabouts were surprised at the Haywood verdict. They say that Haywood should not have been convicted on Orchard's testimony, but that they expected a disagreement. But it appears that there really was a disagreement, but that the disagreeing jurymen finally gave in, on the ground that Haywood could never be convicted, and that it was as well to have the effort stop there.

Perhaps some day Haywood will tell us how guilty he is. He will make an interesting witness in Orchard's case when Orchard comes to trial. And Orchard's confession will need much corroboration, for if Orchard's testimony is not good enough to hang Haywood, it is not good enough to hang Orchard.



Mrs. Wall Street: I'M SO GLAD TO SEE YOU GOING IN FOR WHEAT, MR. HAYRICK. MY HUSBAND HAS MADE A GREAT DEAL OF MONEY OUT OF THAT IN THE CITY

New Knowledge of the Rising Generation



NO DOUBT the rising generation of men always knows some things that most of the generation ahead of it misses. Nowadays, certainly, each generation, as it comes along, observes and assimilates new features of civilization which the generation ahead, though it notices them, does not take in to anything like the same extent.

For example, automobiles. We are all aware that there are automobiles in circulation. We dodge them in the street; we get their dust in the country roads; many of us even ride in them. But they are something that have intruded upon the attention of the older citizens after their capacity for taking notice had already in great measure been taken up with other phenomena. The boy of the period, on the contrary, has been brought up on them, and has observed them while his mind was still comparatively empty and his power of taking notice

was still keen. *You*, if you are an older citizen, look out of the window and observe: "There goes an automobile." All automobiles look about alike to you, and, though you know there are details of difference in them, you cannot specify what they are. But the boy who is sitting with you looks up, sees the auto, listens to it, holds up an inquiring nose as it passes. Then he says: "Yes, that's a two-cylinder, gasoline Sandusky-Columbus." He knows more than that about it, but that is all it is worth while to tell to you, who know nothing. Many of these wise young creatures can tell by ear alone not only what make of machine is coming, but the year it was made. They will cock up an ear and say: "Here comes a Mercedes of 1903." It seems that every make of automobile plays its own tune, and these attentive young ears get to know all the tunes; so it is not quite such a Sherlock-Holmes feat as it seems, though it is sufficiently wonderful.

You may have been looking at horses all your life, and may have come to know the differences between horses. The city-bred youth of the day has been looking at and listening to automobiles a good part of his life, until vision, smell and hearing tell him the pedigree and other details of the history of nine out of ten of those that come within the range of his senses.

Our Fresh Air Fund

PREVIOUSLY acknowledged . . .	\$3,828 73	F. W. Bird	\$25 00
E. S. Jr.; W. P. S.,		Baby Dick	15 00
A. D. S.	15 00	H. C.	1 00
Bernard M. Wagner .	5 00	Helen Chase Streeter	10 00
In memory of F. S. D.	5 00	A Friend at the Grand	
F. D. Downey	5 00	Central	5 00
J. S. H.	3 00	Betty Raleb	1 00
Herbert C. Pell . . .	25 00	Leslie Pomeroy and	
Mr. and Mrs. G. S. R.	10 00	Kathryn Mackey . .	2 00
Green Gentleman . .	10 00	F. L., Paris, France .	10 00
Spruh	3 00	Miss M. L. Lewis . .	5 00
Mary Birge Doerr . .	5 00	Miss F. C. Franklin .	1 00
Stamford, Conn. . .	5 00	T. A. K.	10 00
T. A. S.	10 00	Total	\$4,014 73

The \$500 Prize

THE additional prize of \$500 for the best of the successful drawings in LIFE's Quotation Contest is awarded to MR. MALCOLM STEWART, of Fort Washington, Pennsylvania, for his illustration of the quotation, "Hope springs eternal in the human breast."

Due announcement will be made of the appearance of this and the other successful pictures in the pages of LIFE.

Us

THE London *Daily Mirror* thus comments on the portrait of an eminent American financier:

The impression left by the face of this ugly fellow is that all his thoughts and energies are devoted to money-making. It is a cruel face. It is a criminal face. It is the face of a man who would stick at nothing to make his business go. It is also a face which proclaims a narrow mind, heedless, in its constant preoccupation, of all the interest and wonder and beauty of the world.

There are men of business like that. In the United States there are many of them. They pile up large fortunes which their frivolous wives spend during their lifetimes and their spendthrift sons dissipate after their deaths.

They have, as a rule, no use for money themselves. Their digestions are ruined by overanxiety, their nervous systems unable to stand the strain of travel, their brains a blank on every subject but their business. They are mere money-making machines. As soon as they cease to attend to business they die.

Then people say, "D'ye see old So-and-So's gone? Wonder how much he left?" Not a word of regret or affection for the man. Only curiosity as to the results of the working of the machine.

Fortunately that type is very rare in this country. The healthy English tradition is that a man must justify his existence in other ways than by merely collecting coins.

All perfectly true, worse luck!



AT LIFE'S FARM
PICKING BERRIES



Indirectly

"HAVE you ever contributed any money toward the cause of higher education?"

"Indeed, yes. We use Standard Oil at our house."

We Are What We Eat

WHEN we praise the progress of the Pacific islanders, we should remember that they were nourished on the best of New England missionaries.

NOTHING succeeds like failure.



resulted in large profits. Mr. Rockefeller began by charging only one dollar each for the balls, but his voice was so plaintive, and he quoted so many Bible texts, that it soon became evident he could charge more. So he raised the price from time to time. His booth was decorated with subpernas and presented a very tasteful appearance.

Wm. H. Taft conducted the Punch and Judy show and brought forth great applause. He had Mr. Roosevelt as Punch and the Tobacco Trust as Judy. As a ventriloquist Mr. Taft is a wonder, only he was always very careful beforehand to ask Mr. Punch what he should say.

E. H. Harriman was in charge of the grab-bag. Every time any one dipped in he got as a prize a splendid gold brick. Mr. Harriman at first did not do as well as expected, but several investigating committees coming along, he made good. He was dressed in a Munchausen sack suit edged with brass and used a megaphone when announcing new stock issues, which was all the time.

On the whole, the fair was a great success, and all reported a good time.

Unmade History

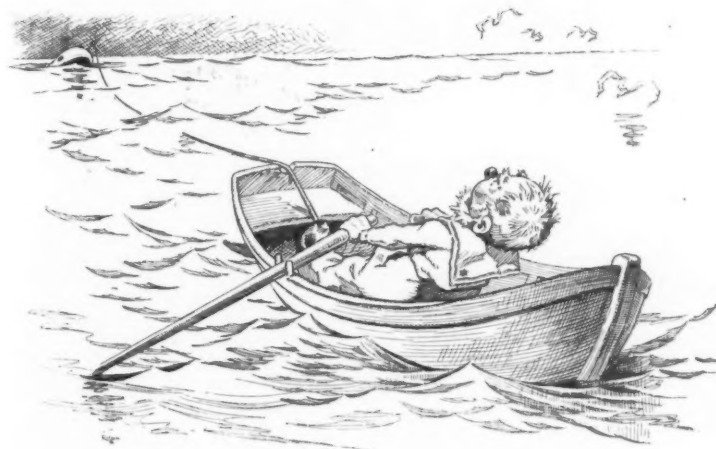
THE Committee on Resolutions of the Democratic National Convention, in 1908, were, in the words of the day, up against it.

"How," they exclaimed dejectedly, "are we to frame any sort of an issue, with Mr. Roosevelt stealing all our thunder before we can get round to emit it?"

But the light descended, at length. A delegate, whose name was lost in the subsequent tumult of cheers, rose and offered the following:

"We view with alarm the spread of the dangerous belief that animals don't think, and we affirm our cordial adherence to the faith of our fathers in the reasoning power of the dumb beast."

And upon this succinct declaration of principle, the battle of the ballots was waged.



Baptist Church Fair



HE annual fair held by the Baptist Church came off last week and was a great success. The proceeds will go to orphans of the Standard Oil Company. The amount has not yet been reported, but will be announced later.

A large tent had been secured (kindly loaned by General Leonard Wood with the consent of the President) and the booths were arranged inside. They were distributed as follows:

Tariff trinkets, including all articles made and kept up by the tariff, in charge of Mr. Andrew Carnegie. Mr. Carnegie was tastefully dressed in Scotch kilts with doves of peace embroidered down the side. He distributed cornucopias of hot air.

Golf balls and accessions, by John D. Rockefeller, whose persuasive manner (in such a good cause)



The Sting of Death



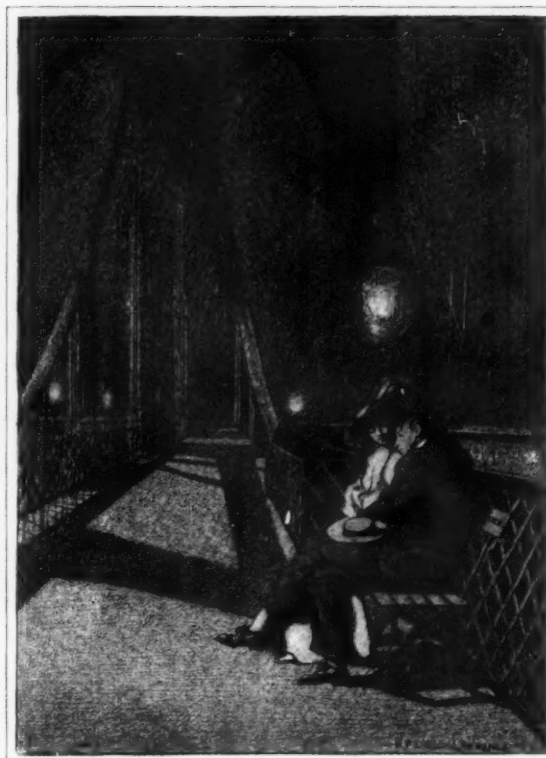
MRS. LEONORA PIPER having returned to the United States and settled down to the society of the living, we are anxiously awaiting the results of her English trip and of her prolonged association with the dead. There never was a better chance for ghosts of mettle to show the stuff they are made of. The discouraging thing about Spiritualism has always been the amazing puerility of the spirits.

With the great universe around them for inspiration, they can think of nothing but the pet name of a guinea-pig or the whereabouts of a lost jack-knife. They spend all their precious moments in offering proofs of identity, and when they are identified have no further word to say.

Dr. Hodgson, to communicate with whose spirit Mrs. Piper laboriously crossed the sea, was a keen and earnest seeker after those mysteries which most of us are glad to let alone. Surely he and his medium between them will do something for the cause, something to show rational purpose and intelligence, something to warrant an expensive ocean voyage and the alleged undermining of Mrs. Piper's health. If the revelations which we are promised as the result of this great experiment at all resemble the many revelations we have had as the result of similar experiments, they would hardly be worth a trip to Coney Island.

What Spiritualism has so far accomplished has been to add a fresh horror to death. Many horrors have been added to death by devout believers in immortal gloom; but neither Dante nor Calvin conceived of anything so degrading as a medium's parlor. The appalling thought that we ourselves may some night be dodging around a darkened room talking twaddle and answering a-b-c questions on a slate, is too painful to be endured. Dying is, after all, a private affair, and even a disembodied spirit has rights one should respect.

Agnes Repplier.



THE CRUSH ON THE BRIDGE

Who Would Make the Worst President— and Why?

\$50 in Cash Will Be Given for the Cleverest Answer to the
Above Question

NO ANSWER should exceed 200 words.

Each contestant may send in as many answers as he or she desires.

LIFE will publish, as soon as possible, after they are received, those answers which, in the opinion of the editors, are worthy of publication.

All answers must be received on or before September 16th, 1907: the answer which, in the judgment of the editors, is the best will be awarded the prize.

All manuscripts must be typewritten on one side of paper. The contestant's name and address should be plainly written on each manuscript.

All manuscripts should be addressed to the Contest Editor of **LIFE**, 17 West 31st Street, New York.

Manuscripts should be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope, in case the author desires their return.

"Of Such Is the Kingdom of Heaven"

(An American Vision)

WE NO longer believe in the cherubim-consumers floating amid the cloud-spaces and fingering unproductive harps. Solid American horse-sense will have none of such stuff. Not only does it know better than to dally with the nonsense of suffering the rising generation to rust in profitless play, but it can also readily and without stretching matters justify its fine national industry of canning childhood.

The breaker boys whose fingers redden the anthracite, the infants of the glass infernos and the babes of the cotton-hells can all give cards and spades to the mollycoddles of the harp strings. Medieval art, born in an age unblessed by humming factories and juicy figures of prosperity, must be held responsible for peopling the fancies of the sentimental with parasitic angels.

If reformers had common sense, they would cease bidding us tease a generous Providence by monkeying with the present admirable arrangement of matters industrial. They are over-much engrossed with the affairs of this planet, anyway. Let them give some thought to the conditions in the after-life.

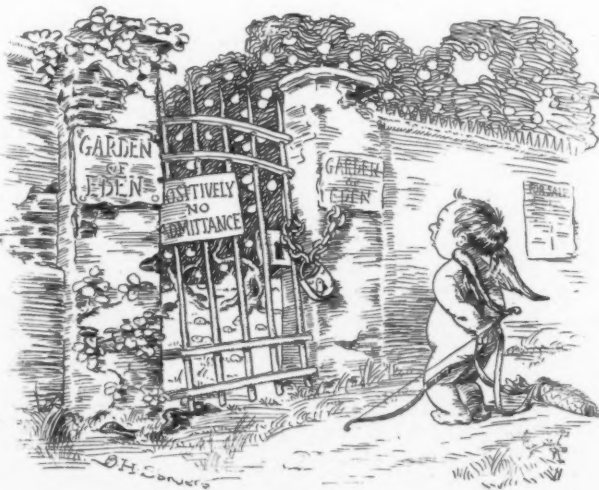
Thus far our surmises as to the other world have sifted down through inept religious visionaries. What we need is a sound word on this subject from a practical mind. Only practical persons can understand what prosperity means and there must be a stiff price for it.

They should be able to show with ease that what the dreamers call the wheels of fate and the loom of destiny are nothing more than typical American enterprise on a cosmic scale. And surely for such a job trained hands are needed and not transfigured ninnies.

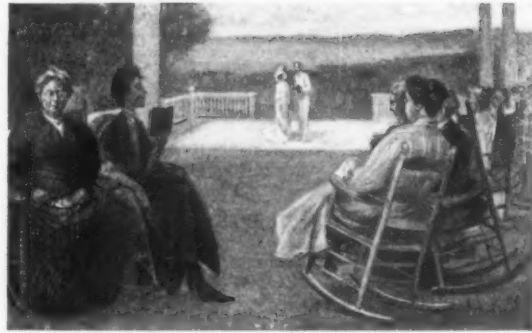
A truce to agitation. Child labor is fulfilling a Divine purpose. Train up a child in the way he should toil and when he is dead he will make good.

Meyer Bloomfield.

IF DREAMS came true there would be a great reform in diet.



LOVE AT FIRST SITE



Unselfishness

THE porch-hens fill the piazza chairs,
And read and embroider and knit;
From morn till night they never desert
The comfortable spot where they sit.
They watch the stage and the office door,
And the bay where the sea-gulls flock,
And nothing baffles their searchlight gaze
As they gossip and rock, and rock.

I'm the only girl—that's alive—in the place,
And there's but one possible man,
So I flirt with him quite outrageously
Whenever I publicly can;
For the porch-hens' lives are arid and dull,
And they pine for some pleasant shock,
So I give them something to talk about,
As they gossip and rock, and rock.

He's the dullest man on the coast of Maine,
And he bores me until I ache,
But I sacrifice my feelings to keep
Those poor old ladies awake;
I sit with him out on the moonlit pier
Till the dampness ruins my frock,
While they spy and thrill with scandalized glee,
As they gossip and rock, and rock.

And when, sometime in the early fall,
The man that I care for arrives,
Such proof of my ardent duplicity
Will give them the time of their lives.
Yet none of them would admit the fact,
At the very thought they would mock,
But I've made the spice of the summer to them,
As they gossip and rock, and rock.

Katharine Perry.

REPORTS that Ouida is starving have been followed by other reports that she finds satisfaction in that condition and objects with much spirit to being relieved. No doubt she has become very imperfectly capable of taking care of herself, but at least she is living up to the principles by which she flourished. Among all the heroes of Ouida's novels we do not recall any successful business man.

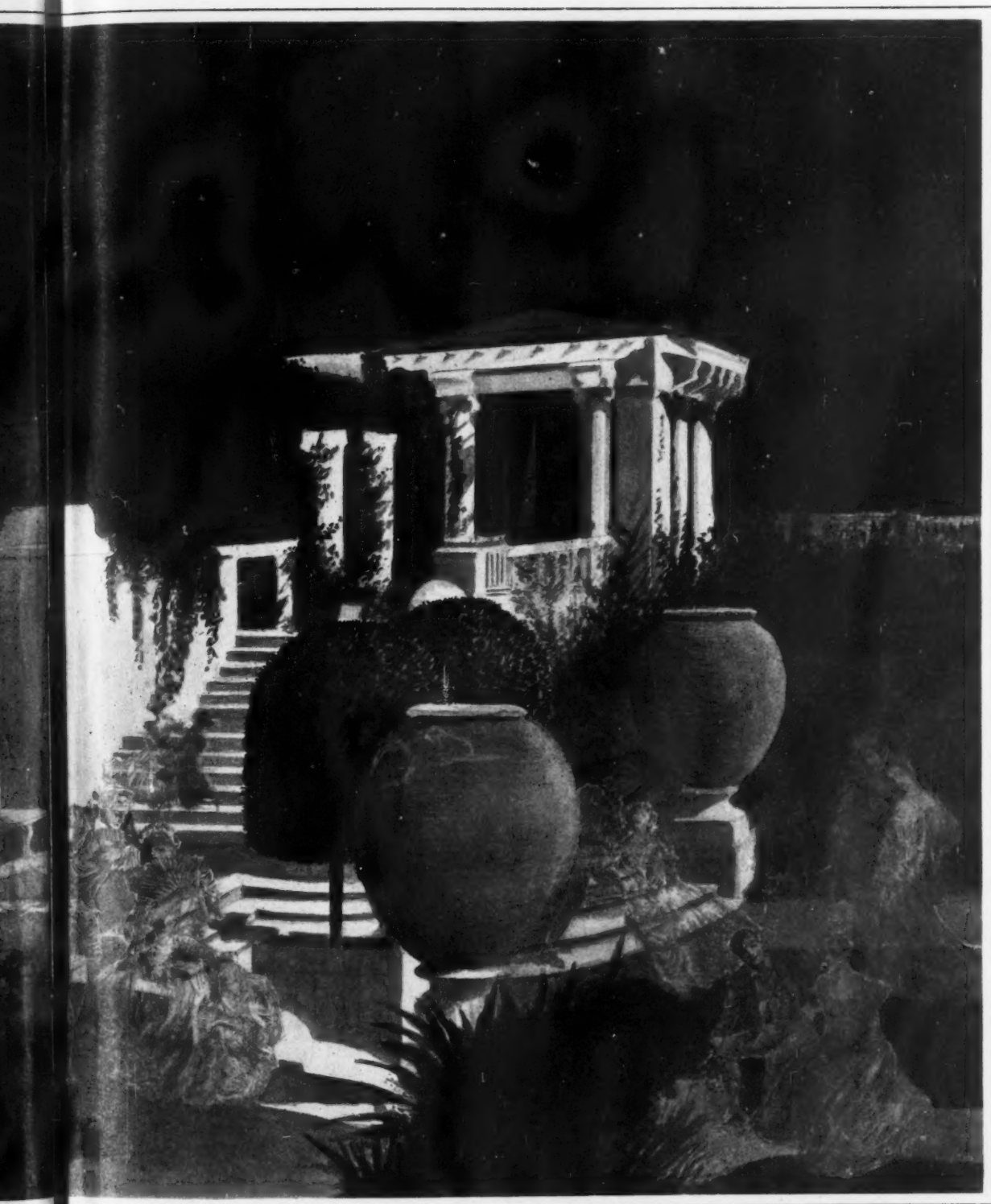
IS IT fair to the people of Indiana to accept Senator Beveridge as the measure of their intelligence?
Is that all they know?

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Clayton Squires

LFE ·



N AN GARDEN

A Painful Precedent



The President's gift of "The Works of Theodore Roosevelt" in nine volumes to the Roosevelt Library in Berlin has been acknowledged by the grateful Germans.

IN GERMANY, where books are deep
And books are thick and long and many,
'Tis only right that they should keep
The Teddybooks as well as any,
To sate the hungry German mind,
Which, like an octopus, hath twined
All knowledge in its long antennae.

So German eyes shall peer through specs,
Seek out each Teddythought and grab it
Until Imagination wrecks
Its spars upon the Teddyhabit;
Their eager minds shall track each lair
Of gristly trust or grizzly bear
And storm the stronghold of the rabbit.

Nor is this all (for on the fate
Of Germany my fancy lunches),
The hand that wields the Stick of State

Can use the Pen with telling punches.
Suppose his publishers begin
Sending full shipments to Berlin
Of those rare thoughts that come in bunches!

"The Life of Mrs. Legg, a Stork,"
"My Lectures," "My Remarks," "My Speeches,"
"My Youth; or How I Saved New York,"
"A Prince of Peace in Riding Breeches,"
"In Panama—Not Soon but Yet,"
"Malicious Falsehoods I Have Met,"
"Armed to the Teeth," "What Patience Teaches."

Avaunt, false Kant and Schopenhauer!
Farewell, dear Goethe and sweet Schiller!
A one-man military power
Grinds all your grist, for he's the miller.
And even the Mrs. Eddybooks
Must give fair place to Teddybooks,
When Germany demands its thriller.

Wallace Irwin.

Farewell, Morgan and Pettus

THE death of Senator Pettus, following so soon after the death of Senator Morgan, stirs in the observer's mind a sentiment of respect for the State of Alabama, which kept these two antediluvian statesmen in the Senate so many years. Between them they were about 170 years old, and there are few Senators who are so generally respected for character, ability, knowledge and devotion to the public service as were these two extraordinary old men. Both were poor, both were able, both were absolutely honest. Both had definite political principles which regulated their political action, and neither paid attention to party orders.

Two fine old boys were the Alabama octogenarian Senators, a credit to old age and to their State and to the Southern propensity for sending men to Washington (and keeping them there) because of what they have in their heads rather than in their pockets.

Crime

THE discovery of psychic epilepsy brings practical criminality at last within the reach of the most fastidious. As the brain-storm was a great advance upon pure cussedness, so likewise is psychic epilepsy a great advance upon the brain-storm. Verily, the world moves, and progress is more than a phantasy.

The psychic epileptic is degraded by no messy outward manifestations of his malady. Where the brain-stormer was revealed by the rolling of his eyeballs, or by his morbid disposition to shun publicity, or the like, the psychic epileptic is not to be distinguished from any other person of gentle breeding and correct feeling. He may murder and yet be mannerly, and what that means to our better classes, only they can know.

The twentieth century will be remembered to the end of time for many things, and not least of all for having divested

crime of that character of disagreeableness, to employ no stronger term, which has hitherto rendered it unsuitable to any but vulgar, or at most, bourgeois uses. R. B.

"I DON'T believe Parson Brown ever told a lie about any one."

"I don't know about that. He has preached a good many funeral sermons."



"NOINTY-NOINE IN THE SHA-ADE! BY GORRY! DO YEZ BELAVE UT?"

"OI BELAVE UT WOULD BE IF THERE WAS ANNY SHA-ADE."



Sanctum Talks

"A H, LIFE."

"Ah, Mr.——"

"Baer."

"Oh, yes. How are you, Mr. Baer? You are President of the Reading Railroad, I believe."

"Yes."

"And you are interested in coal mining?"

"To some extent."

"Also you are a magnate."

"Somewhat."

"What can I do for you, Mr. Baer?"

"Oh, I just wanted to be friendly. The fact is, LIFE, I have been changing my opinion."

"You don't say. You have entertained opinions, have you?"

"Very decidedly."

"And they are——"

"Don't you know?"

"I believe you said something, Mr. Baer, about being the divinely appointed agent of God, didn't you?"

"Not quite that, LIFE."

"But something like it. The idea you intended to convey was this, I believe. That the good Lord wouldn't place so

much power in the hands of certain men unless they were capable of dealing it out wisely. And this being so, it was extremely ungrateful of a capdious people to rail at a mine owner just because he and beneficent Providence had united to keep up the price of coal and incidentally ignore the sufferings of workers in the mines. Was that it, Mr. Baer?"

"That was about it."

"And you don't believe that any more?"

"Now, don't go so fast. I haven't said I didn't believe it."

"But you are older than you were a few years ago."

"Slightly."

"And possibly wiser."

"Yes."

"You have noticed that people in high places sometimes hang themselves, when they have too much rope."

"That's about it, LIFE."

"And that even the Lord's appointed agents, when they indulge themselves in hypocritical utterances and get too frisky, sometimes have their own heads cut off very suddenly."

"To be candid, LIFE, I have noticed that, and I see now that one can't be too careful in one's pose."

"Do you think, Mr. Baer, that really makes any difference?"

"Don't you?"

"No. If you are a rascal at heart, if you use your opportunities to advance your own aims, if you seek for power regardless of the rights of others, you can take any pose you like, but you're bound to be found out."

"And do you think that of me, LIFE?"

"Impossible, Mr. Baer! Good day."

"G—good day."

THE LATEST BOOKS

BERNARD SHAW has nowhere shown his nice understanding of the art of publicity and promotion more adroitly than in his method of publishing his plays. Very few people can read a published play with any enjoyment. It is too much like trying to enjoy a piece of music by reading the score. But most people can read into a published play what a clever author tells them they are going to find there. So Shaw prefaces his plays with the introductions which, even if they have not affected the reception of the acted dramas, have been mainly responsible for the sale of the books. He has just published *John Bull's Other Island*, and *Major Barbara* with their respective explanatory essays, A Preface for Politicians and First Aid to Critics. No one should miss the book who enjoys the sting and stimulus of Shaw's intellectual caustic.

It was very nice of Mr. John Reed Scott to think of writing us a blooded, pedigreed and registered historical romance just at this time. It is several years since we have had one and, although probably very few of us realized it, we were just about ready for another. *Beatrice of Clare* is a tale of chivalry in fifteenth century England when Richard



"THIS HUMMING-BIRD ELECTRIC FAN IS CERTAINLY A FINE ADDITION TO THE COMFORTS OF THE CLUB."

the Third was It and gentlemen wore steel panamas and damascened golf suits. It was also the *methinks* and *forsooth* period of conversational address. But in spite of all this Mr. Scott has put good fellows inside of his chain mail and makes us want to follow up their acquaintance.

Clarence E. Mulford's *Bar-20* is a narrative dealing with a more modern chivalry. Hopalong Cassidy, of Texas, is the hero and one gathers that, between murders, he practiced the profession of cow-punching. But his real business in life was shooting up bad-men. If it is true that blood will tell, the book should run through several editions.

Joseph C. Lincoln has recently shipped a new consignment of ore from his local color mine on Cape Cod. Mr. Lincoln was by no means the original locator of these deposits. His claim, on the contrary, is about number nine, above discovery, on the left bank. But he has worked it carefully and it continues to produce after most of its neighbors are abandoned. *The Old Home House*, whose characters are half rube and half Yankee, contains eleven stories frankly humorous in intention and, as such things go, more than ordinarily successful.

Florence Morse Kingsley is apparently suffering from some temporary affection of mental vision which leads her to confuse the idyllic with the banal. Even a common, or garden, idyl should, we take it, appeal at least to the imagination of the thoughtless idealist. But the idealism of the most artless would be proof against the author's last novel, *Truthful Jane*, and against her new story, *The Princess and the Ploughman*, a romance of an American college girl and a gentleman farmer.

Three Acres and Liberty is a volume by Bolton Hall in which he gives an interesting outline of the practicable possibilities underlying the Return to Nature craze. This enthusiasm, like the equally fashionable but for the most part equally vicarious passion for The Simple Life, was not without its exciting causes in the needs of the day. The enthusiasm has passed, but the needs remain, and Mr. Hall has undertaken to point a way to their satisfying.

In these days an unarmed critic hesitates to advance an opinion upon



"WHAT A NICE MAN! HE NEVER GETS MAD WHEN WE EAT HIS CHERRIES!"

animal story books. He might be called upon for affidavits. This paragraph is therefore merely intended to announce, in what corresponds, typographically, to a discreet whisper, that Charles G. D. Roberts (who according to the recording secretary of that organization is an associate, or non-resident, member of the Liars' Club) has published a volume called *The Haunters of the Silences*.

J. B. Kerfoot

John Bull's Other Island and *Major Barbara*, by Bernard Shaw. (Brentano's. \$1.50.)

Beatrice of Clare, by John Reed Scott. (The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. \$1.50.)

Bar-20, by Clarence E. Mulford. (Outing Publishing Company. \$1.50.)

The Old Home House, by Joseph C. Lincoln. (A. S. Barnes and Company. \$1.25.)

The Princess and the Ploughman, by Florence Morse Kingsley. (Harper and Brothers. \$1.25.)

Three Acres and Liberty, by Bolton Hall. (The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.)

The Haunters of the Silences, by Charles G. D. Roberts. (L. C. Page and Company, Boston.)

"HIRAM BACKWOODS can't make up his mind whether to spend his two weeks' vacation in New York or at the ocean."

"He's hesitating between the devil and the deep sea, isn't he?"

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WITHOUT PREJUDICE

Fat Girls

THERE is a class of ladies whose constant occupation in life is trying to reduce their flesh by every method, secret or otherwise, known to human invention. And if one wishes to learn how far human scorn can reach, and just how much wrath a single feminine eye can hold, he has but to allude, in the presence of one of these ladies, to the fact that she is gaining in weight.

Why is avoidupois considered so reprehensible, and why should a young lady of otherwise charming disposition and refined temperament be looked upon with so much sympathy if she tip the scale at more than the average for her weight?

There are, of course, certain advantages in thin girls which must not be overlooked. For one thing, a thin girl can be easily lifted up and placed on one's lap and held thus for hours without personal inconvenience, when a fat girl would be simply unendurable to any one but a professional strong man. But, admitting this, every other point is against her. Thin girls are notorious eaters. Not only do they absorb enormous quantities of expensive food, but one feels a personal responsibility about seeing that they are well fed. The anxiety expended over a thin girl for fear she will get too thin is a great strain on any lover. The fat girl, on the other hand, never arouses the slightest thought of uneasiness. She eats sparingly, and indeed one has the comfortable feeling that if cast away with her on a desert island, she could subsist upon

herself for an indefinite time; or at any rate until relief came. In contrast, imagine the predicament of any man cast away on a desert island with a thin girl. She would be constantly calling for food, even when there was none obtainable, thus turning a tête-à-tête with every other possibility of enjoyment into a constant irritation.

Thin girls are almost sure to be anxious about themselves. They have been brought up to be afraid of sitting in a draught, and as their nervous systems are not so thoroughly covered, they are always more irritable. A thin girl who has a good disposition has acquired it only by main force; one never knows when it is going back on her—it requires a constant effort to keep it up.

On the other hand, did any one ever see a genuine fat girl with a peevish disposition? There is, indeed, no better bulwark against melancholy.

Unless he has actually tried it, nobody knows the real comfort, the solid sense of security, the quiet tranquillity of joy that comes by loving a fat girl. In the first place, one has the delight of knowing that he is getting good measure—that, if anything, he has more than his share; then, again, the very fact that you have had the good sense and the fine discrimination to select her in preference to any girl who is thin gives you an added feeling of comradeship. And, as you nestle beside her and make a manly effort to put your arm around her waist, you realize for the first time just how much you have to be thankful for.

T. L. M.



AUT SCISSORS AUT NULLUS

BY INSTALMENTS

PORTLY DAME: Save me! Oh, save me!
FIREMAN: I'll do my best, mum, but I'm afraid I shall have to take you down in instalments.—*Bon Vivant.*

AFTER years of effort the scientist was certain that Mars was wigwagging. An expert in the code was summoned hastily, while the throng waited breathlessly. The silence was broken as the expert read, "Your canal looks to us like thirty cents."—*Philadelphia Ledger.*



THE AGE OF CHIVALRY

THE late James McNeil Whistler was standing bareheaded in a hat shop, the clerk having taken his hat to another part of the shop for comparison. A man rushed in with his hat in his hand, and, supposing Whistler to be a clerk, angrily confronted him. "See here," he said, "this hat doesn't fit."

Whistler eyed the stranger critically from head to foot, and then drawled out:

"Well, neither does your coat. What's more, if you'll pardon my saying so, I'll be hanged if I care much for the color of your trousers."—*Everybody's.*

HIS COUNTRY HOUSE

TRAMP (looking at his friend's body in the Paris morgue): He always said that he would spend his last days in a little house on the edge of the water!—*Translated for Transatlantic Tales from "Le Rire."*

SOME EDITORIAL DIFFICULTIES

[President Roosevelt, in his Jamestown speech, advised the newspaper editors of the country to be temperate in their expressions.]

The temperate expression is a fine thing, we admit, And the sanctum's always better for a wholesale lot of it; But suppose some gentle poetess of forty years or more Brings in her latest poems and sits down and reads them o'er? And suppose some old subscriber brings a column letter in, And in trying to unroll it you are skewered with a pin? Please tell us, Mr. President, among such dread killjoys, Just how is any editor to keep his mental poise?

Suppose a cub reporter has stirred up the office ire By falling down completely on the story of a fire? Or some compositor has knocked an article sky high By carefully inserting there a line of printer's "pi"? Suppose a wreck or war breaks loose and photo there is none— The editor's "official" was not there with his gun, While his hated rival's picture man was Johnny-on-the-Spot— How's an editor to hold himself from writing things red hot?

Suppose the umpire from our team has stolen one whole game, And the sporting editor sits down to call that ump. a name? Do you think he's going to seek a term of mild and soft reproof, Or will he jump upon the man with spikes in verbal hoof? But these are just a few small things that drive the press man wild:

There are others where it can't be hoped he'll draw his language mild:

But still, to words intemperate he'll strive ne'er to give vent, And be as mild a critic as—well, say our President!

—*Denver Republican.*

TAFT

"When I was in Washington recently," said a well-known Portland man, "I was honored with an invitation to a dinner at which a number of Senators, members of the Cabinet and other prominent public men were present. Among them was Secretary of War Taft, who naturally came in for a great deal of attention. As is generally known, Taft is a good joker, that is, he can give and take; and during the course of the evening he came in for a great deal of good-natured 'joshing.'"

"In the crowd was one person who is on very good terms with him, both personally and politically, and who is also an irrepressible joker. Just as the party was sitting down at the table, this man, who was alongside Taft, slipped an opera hat on the chair so that the corpulent Secretary would sit on it. The signal was given, and they all sat down. With surprising celerity, however, Taft sprang up and held up to view the flattened hat.

"Gentlemen," shouted the perpetrator of the joke, 'I call your attention to this incident. Taft has been sitting on another lid. He has the habit.

"Gentlemen," replied the Secretary, when the roar of laughter subsided, 'I call your attention to a still more important part of this incident. See,' he said, snapping the flattened hat up to its height, 'the lid is not broken; I'm losing weight.'"—*Pacific Monthly.*

A THANKFUL WOMAN

It is 10 P.M.
On the Fourth of July,
And a thankful woman
Indeed am I.

With my seven-years' boy
Asleep on my knee,
I'm thankful as only
A mother can be.

He's burned his fingers
And lost his hat.
And torn his trousers—
But what of that?

For a house and a barn
And a boy have I;
And a year away
Is next Fourth of July.

—*Cora A. Matson Dolson, in New Idea.*

THE GAME WARDEN AND THE LIAR

A Colorado man who is visiting in Wellington told H. L. Woods this story: The game warden of Colorado was walking out in the mountains the other day when he met a hunter with his gun. The officer suggested that that ought to be a good country for hunting.

"It certainly is," said the hunter, proudly. "I killed one of the finest bucks yesterday I ever saw, and he weighed over two hundred." It was the season when deer may not be shot without subjecting the hunter to a heavy fine.

"Well, that is a fine one," said the warden, "and do you know who you are talking to?"

Being assured that he did not, the officer said:

"Why, I am the chief game warden of Colorado."

The hunter was only taken back a moment, when he said:

"And do you know who you are talking to?" The warden did not know.

"Well, sir," said the hunter, apparently much relieved, "you are talking to the biggest liar in the whole State of Colorado."—*Kansas City Star.*

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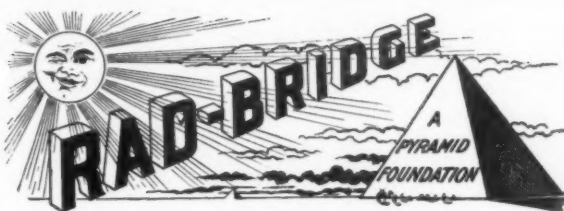
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A LLYRIC OF THE LLAMA

Behold how from her lair the youthful llama
Lopes forth and lightly scans the landscape o'er.
With lusty heart she looks upon life's drama,
Relying on her late-learned worldly lore.

But lo! some lad, armed with a yoke *injama*
Soon lures her into lowly labor's cause;
Her wool is lopped to weave into pajama,
And languidly she learns her Gees and Haws.

My children, heed this lesson from all languishing young
llamas,

If you would live with illatitute, avoid each illuring illay;
And do not illightly illleave, I beg, your illlonesome, illloving
mammas.

And illlast of all, don't spellill your name in such a sillillly
way.—*Everybody's*.

THE SOUTH FOR HOSPITALITY: The Manor, Asheville, North
Carolina, is the best inn South.—*Booklet*.

WHEN IS IT?

The profound truth that to-morrow never comes, and yester-
day, although it is always passing, has never been with us, has
led a correspondent to throw off this effort:

"Although yesterday to-day was to-morrow, and to-morrow
to-day will be yesterday, nevertheless yesterday to-morrow
would be day after to-morrow, because to-day would be to-
morrow yesterday, and to-morrow will be to-day to-morrow, or
would have been the day after to-morrow yesterday."—*The
Pilgrim*.

HE: Are you good at conundrums?

SHE: Yes.

"Well, here is one: If I were to propose to you, what would
you say?"—*Illustrated Bits*.

Kenilworth Inn, Biltmore, N. C. Always open. Most superbly
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A PRIVILEGED CLASS

"Bliggins says he thinks that there ought to be a privileged
class in this country."

"Really," exclaimed Miss Cayenne. "I didn't know before
that Mr. Bliggins had purchased a motor car."—*Washington
Star*.

IN ALABAMA they tell to this day a story to illustrate Senator
Morgan's ability as an advocate.

A negro of well-known thieving proclivities was on trial for
stealing a mule. Morgan defended and cleared him. As law-
yer and client were walking out of the court room Mr. Morgan
said: "Rastus, did you steal the mule?"

"Well, Marse Morgan, it was jest like this: I really thought
I did steal dat mule, but after what you said to the jury I was
convince' I didn't."—*Rochester Herald*.

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But women so nervous that the continual rustle of a silk skirt
makes them nervous—no, there are no women so nervous as
that!—*Fliegende Blaetter*.

LATE ARRIVAL: Who is that man over there, Mrs. Upmore,
that everybody appears to be so eager to meet?

HOSTESS: Is it possible you don't know? That is Mr. Per-
collum, the man who wrote a short story for a magazine without
putting an automobile in it.—*Chicago Tribune*.

Simple? Why, a child can keep "Rad-Bridge" Scores.

FLOORED

ONE SEXTON: Do you have matins at your church?

THE OTHER: No, we have oilcloth.—*Harper's Weekly*.

TOMMY: Pop, a man's wife is his better half, isn't she?

TOMMY'S POP: So we are told, my son.

"Then if a man marries twice there isn't anything left of him,
is there?"—*Philadelphia Record*.

"When you do drink, drink Trimble"

"Fill up the bowl, then, fill it high,
Fill all the glasses there; for why
Should every creature drink but I,
Why, man of mortals, tell me why?"
—A. Cowley.

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meals affords relief and aids digestion.

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The Literary Zoo

A Little Fable About Truth

THE newspaper editor and the book publisher met casually at the club the other day. They were old acquaintances, but they had both been busy being successful, and their intercourse was infrequent. Presently the publisher began to talk shop.

"I regret to see," he said, a bit pompously, "that the tendency of journalism is still downward. Frankly, now, is not the time coming when you can afford to drop sensationalism?"

"I'll first have to ask you to define your term," answered the editor, after a pause. "It may save a useless argument. You see we have a good many readers who talk that way, but who take the paper regularly because they like it. Are you not one of them?"

"Yes, yes," admitted the publisher, a trifle disconcerted. "But that is not what I meant. I did not intend to be personal at all. I was only generalizing. My specific objection is that you—I mean all of you—don't print the truth."

"Dear me!" said the editor, showing signs of alarm. "Was there anything wrong with that account we printed the other day of your firm's conspicuous service in the cause of literature? I trust the young man who wrote it was not too enthusiastic. He has ideals, I'm afraid; and that, you know, is sometimes at the bottom of exaggeration. But the facts, I believe, were furnished by your junior member, and of course we did not look for further confirmation."

"No, no," said the publisher, hurriedly; "that was very nicely done. I must remind you again that my remarks are in no sense personal. What I object to is that the newspapers are generally unreliable. As Dr. Weir Mitchell has remarked, you have to wait until they print the same thing at least twice before you can believe it. As a general rule, they don't tell the truth."

The editor seemed thoughtful. "The

Stogies You're Proud to Smoke
and to offer to critical friends—stogies with whose complete perfection neither you nor they can find fault—are

DRAKNEL WHEELING STOGIES
A genuine old Wheeling product

Every one is handmade of purest selected leaf tobacco, strictly long-filler and without scrap. Made in a five-inch panatela shape, they are better than cigars; the delicious natural flavor of the tobacco is not spoiled by artificial bouquet.

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and argue about it—go on over to LIFE'S Office and get a copy of "Why They Married."

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MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.



truth!" he echoed, finally. "What is truth?" said jesting Pilate, and did not stay for an answer. You talk as if truth—the truth about everything—were on tap, when as a matter of fact it takes specialists and thumbscrews to obtain it. I'd like to wager that you've been evading your jury duty. If you had ever attended a trial and heard witnesses contradict each other, you'd surely know better. Truth, my dear sir, is a purely relative term, and nine-tenths of mankind are constantly occupied in making it more ambiguous. What seems truth to you may look like gross misrepresentation to me. It is the chief function of the modern newspaper to separate this precious kernel from the chaff—to reconcile the contradictions of testimony, to know when the indignant negative spells an affirmative; and to do all this, and do it creditably, just a little sooner and a good deal better than our journalistic neighbor. The caviling fraction of the public, which you represent, is really paying us the highest compliment when it expects more from the daily newspaper than it does from history. I thank you."

"You are a good special pleader," said the publisher; "and undoubtedly know your trade. Still, I do see things in the newspapers which from my own personal knowledge I know to be untrue. You can't get away from that."

"Well," retorted the editor, putting on his overcoat, "you do not have to look far for solace. When an overstatement or garbling of the facts offends you, you can always turn to the column where your book advertisements are printed and compare the naked truth and simplicity of your announcements with the rest of the newspaper." W. T. Larned.

A Delicate Question

WHILE Wall Street awaits with curiosity the outcome of the suit against Thomas W. Lawson by the young broker, Van Cline Holmes, who thinks he is entitled to the \$5,000 promised to that person who disproved the stock-market theory set up in "Friday the Thirteenth"—a still more delicate question is pending. It concerns that other \$5,000 which Mr. Lawson so conspicuously offered to the writer who should produce the "best" review of his frenzied fiction. It is a long time since the Boston *littérateur* implored the women of America to buy his novel. It is an equally long time since the book reviewers of the country, concealing the emotions aroused by Mr. Lawson's offer, appraised his production with becoming restraint and passed on to the next book in the daily ton of tomes awaiting examination.

We read some of these reviews at the time, and wondered what Mr. Lawson was going to do about it. Which of them, in his

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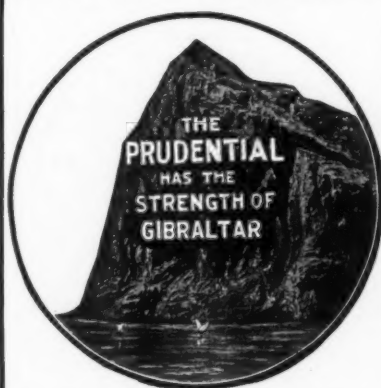
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estimation, would be the "best"? Then our roving glance fell upon *Collier's Weekly*, and we felt sorry for Mr. Lawson. For Norman Hapgood, whom the Boston broker has called publicly his "friend and literary sword-crosser," unblushingly announced therein his need of the money, and proceeded to produce an "appreciation" easily worth the prize. "Mr. Lawson's novel," wrote Mr. Hapgood, "marks the first time in history that literature has ever focused into something perfect and complete. To the chaste selection of the Greeks this work unites the profusion and vitality of the great Elizabethans."

There was more in the same strain—and then some more; but the prize, so far as we are aware, has not yet been awarded. Will Mr. Lawson's singular sense of delicacy restrain him from offering it to a friend? Or, in keeping with his well-known aversion to publicity, has he already made the award in secret? Let us not burst in ignorance, Mr. Lawson.

A Hot-House Garden of Verse

"PASSION hallows each page—guilt ennobles each line" of the poems of George Sylvester Viereck—brother to Baudelaire, cousin-German to Heine, pupil of Poe, disciple of Swinburne, Rossetti and Oscar Wilde—yet, for all that, arrayed in singing robes of his own original design. We have been wandering in his hot-house garden of verse, sniffing from time to time our aseptic vial labeled "Art for Art's Sake," admiring the rare exotics, skirting discreetly the poison plants, and enjoying the color and form of the flowers even while we found their tropical fragrance somewhat overpowering. Mr. Viereck's taste in color runs almost exclusively to red. His roses are very red indeed, and particularly thorny; "his flower of love is scarlet, crimson his wings of passionate desire"; for him the grape yields but red blood. On the whole, we greatly admire the gardener's skill, and are attracted by many evidences of an uncommon, if somewhat monotonous, exhibit. Yet we are glad to breathe the fresh air again, and to observe some daisies and buttercups growing just across the hedge from the poet's hot-house garden.

* * *

MR. VIERECK'S verse unquestionably has qualities that attest the true poet as distinguished from the arid school of magazine poetasters. There is nothing anemic in his work. "Nineveh and Other Poems" (Moffat, Yard and Company) displays a metrical mastery, an imagination and a lyric gift that belong only to a high order of talent. He is consonant, as he likes to say himself—"pregnant with sound and color." In sentiment and theme he seems at times a mixture of Villon and Verlaine,

Sanderson's Mountain Dew A treat for lovers of Real Old Scotch Whiskey

The first Derby made in America was a

C. & K.

Hats for Men



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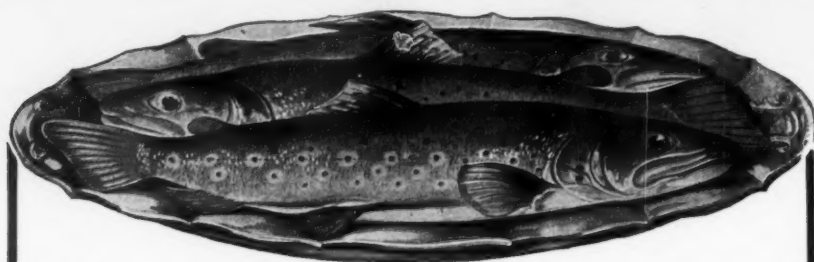
soft hats are delightfully mellow in texture, sufficiently light in weight and surprisingly durable in quality.

Knapp-Felt De Luxe hats, soft or stiff, are Six Dollars—Knapp-Felts are Four Dollars, everywhere.

Write for "The Hatman"

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Fish, more than any other dish needs careful seasoning. It is rendered more appetizing by

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THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

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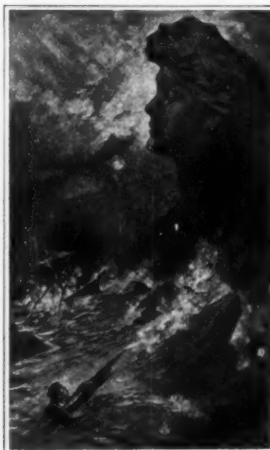
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After C. C. Phillips Omar
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A LEE SHORE
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intoning by turns hymns to the flesh and the spirit. It is like reading a book of Common Prayer interleaved with Laus Veneris. Sometimes he utters with simplicity the true language of feeling:

The string whose music won my bays
Snapped with a blinding thrill of pain;
Through all the everlasting days
I shall not hear its note again.

* * *

IT IS in his longer poems that his musical equipment is most manifest; but not only because of their length, but because of their erotic audacity, it is quite impossible to reproduce them here. Nor does a close examination of the shorter ones bear out, in our opinion, the somewhat extravagant praise that has been bestowed upon him. The beauty of his lines, at their best, is not the kind that haunts us afterwards; we do not find ourselves committing them to memory. As a poet we are inclined to believe that, after all, he belongs in the class of Mr. Richard Le Gallienne, to whom he rather injudiciously dedicates his volume, rather than that of, let us say, Ernest Dawson—a decadent bard whose productions were not merely musical, but informed with thought and charged with a significance that Mr. Viereck's work does not possess for us.

* * *

MR. VIERECK, to be sure, is still very young. He was born in 1884, in Munich. Many of the poems in "Nineveh" were written originally in the German language at the age when Byron wrote his "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers" and Keats composed his sonnet, "On First Looking Into Chapman's Homer." Shelley really found himself in later years, and so did Pope. Since Mr. Viereck, the offspring of first cousins, and the son of a German-American mother, came to the United States with his German father in 1897, he has acquired a mastery of the English tongue. It will be interesting to watch his career, which so far is founded on an intense but narrow experience of life, and to see whether he will discover that sin and passion are not the only sources of the unfettered poet's inspiration.

* * *

THE author of "Nineveh" takes himself very seriously, as perhaps a wholly serious poet must. He believes that he has made a discovery, and that he is the first to employ consciously a new rhythmic scheme in which "the poet's ear, not the number of feet, is the plenipotent arbiter of form." But his poems in illustration do not bear out his claim to originality. Others (Poe, Swinburne, Michael Field, for example,) have done or are doing this very thing. And Mr. Viereck seems happier to us when following the conventional forms.

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See Japan at its best—when chrysanthemums are in bloom and the Island Empire is in holiday dress. If you are ever going to

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go this fall, and go on the mammoth Trans-Pacific liner—largest and most comfortable boat in service between Seattle and the Orient—the famous

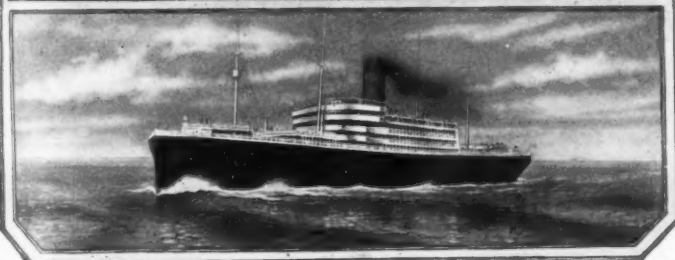
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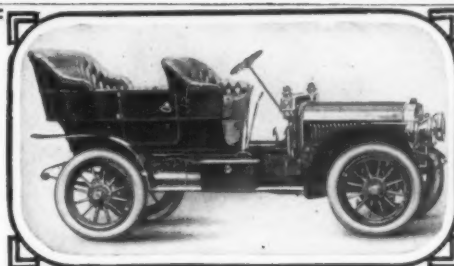
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The Spinaway, fillies, 2 years old

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The Travers, 3-year-olds

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 14th

The Grand Union Hotel, 2-year-olds

FRIDAY, AUGUST 16th

The Troy, 2-year-olds

SATURDAY, AUGUST 17th

The Hopeful, 2-year-olds

The Great Republic, 3-year-olds

MONDAY, AUGUST 19th

The Kentucky, fillies, 2 years old

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 21st

The Albany, 2-year-olds

THURSDAY, AUGUST 22d

The Seneca, 3-year-olds

SATURDAY, AUGUST 24th

The United States Hotel, 2-year-olds
The Saratoga Cup, 3-year-olds

TUESDAY, AUGUST 27th

The Saranac, 3-year-olds

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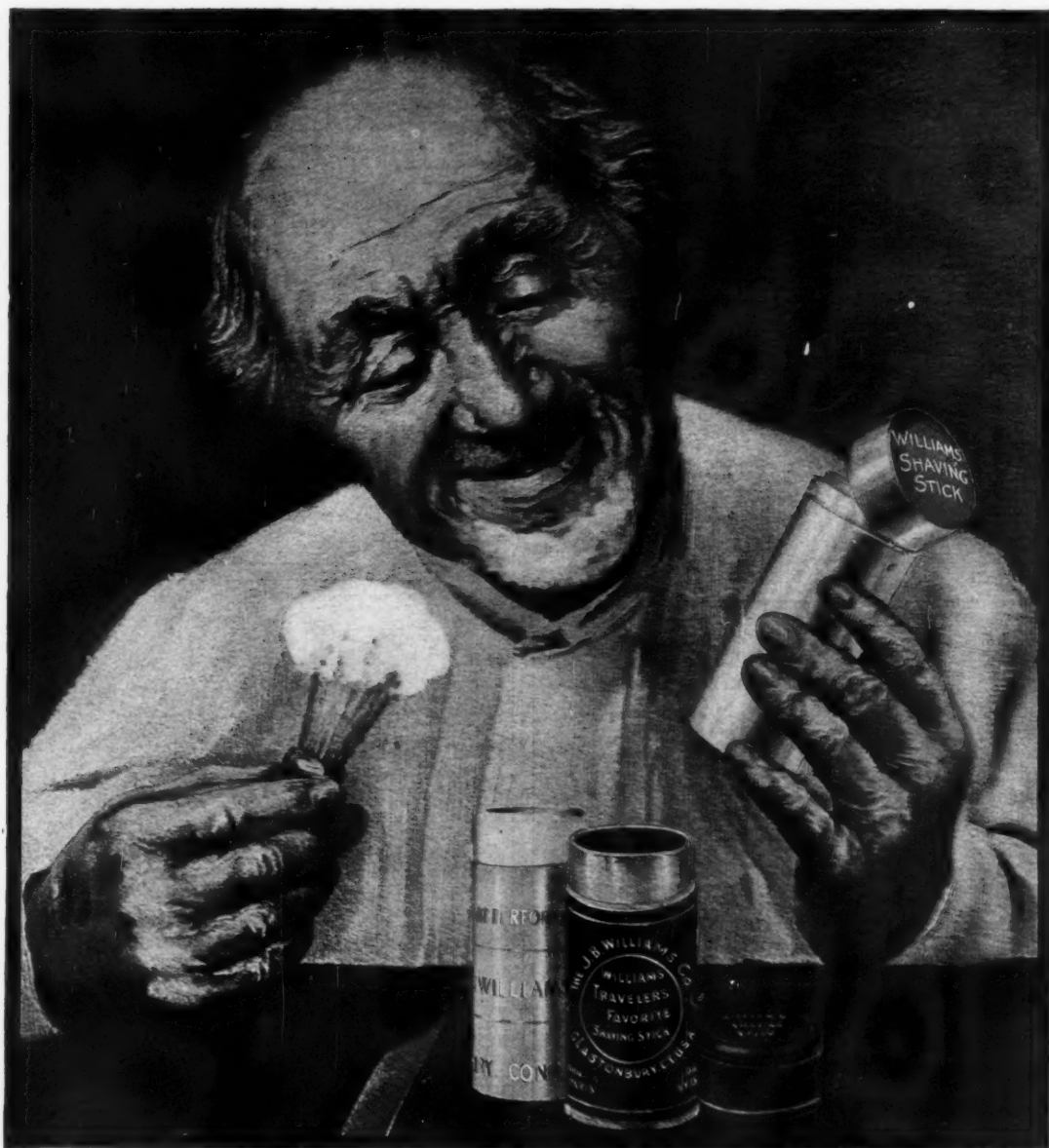
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